

## FATE OF THE ROSE

UNIQUE FEATURE OF EARLY SPRING IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

**Festival at Santa Barbara—Bowers of Roses, Loads of Daisies, Violets in Poppies and Symphonies of Stiles and Lillies. A Remarkable Scene.**

[Special Correspondence.] SANTA BARBARA, March 21.—A unique feature of early spring in the southern California winter resorts is the holding of floral carnivals at a time when the warm rains of winter have turned the yellow fields and mountain sides to a greener hue and the sunshine brings a profusion of wild flowers to make gay this region, to which so many people come when frost and snow are driving their own land.

We arrived at Santa Barbara after a month's cycling through the Monterey valley, the garden spot of the continent, the mere mention of which suggests a midwinter paradise. Fields of daisies and other brilliant flowers were in the warm breezes and climb along the crumbling walls and among the bells of the desert missions. They form banks and hedges along the highways and byways, here and there fenced off an orange grove, its glossy green foliage punctuated by golden balls and limiting gardens of daisies, palms and scores of trellised grapevines on the hillside. Vying with these are the scarlet geraniums, which, grown into trees, pop their scarlet heads in at the chamber windows, from which we see fields white with callas, leading the air for miles with their rich perfume.

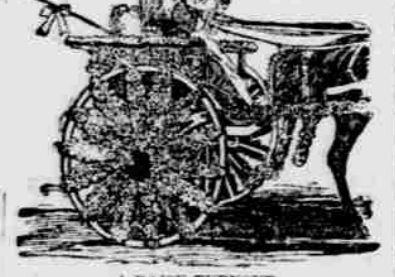
**The First Flower Festival.** Only in southern California could perfect festivals of flowers be created, and they were their beginning to one held in Santa Barbara in 1891 on the grounds of the mission of ex-President Harrison. So enjoyable and beautiful was this that the following spring the festival was enlarged and the procession greatly extended and elaborated, while sports and general decorations were added to the pleasures.

This has since developed until floral arches and greenery transformed the staid business blocks and dwellings into bowers, between which the streets run like rivers, between banks of flowers and greenery. Exhibits of horticultural and agricultural products are held in great pavilions, and the intoxicating week of revelry culminates in the grand floral procession and battle of flowers.

The interior of the floral pavilion flames with glorious coloring, and the sea of bloom is lighted with hundreds of electric lights and permeated with sweet odors. The lofty arches of the building are draped with gray Spanish moss, while the entire structure is lined with daisies and roses. Handsome booths and stands show the rich fruit products of the country.

Elfand, with its sweet maidens in fairy costumes, is rivalled by Japan with the mi-kiado and the children of the orient.

No less interesting is the agricultural pavilion, where English pastures thread mazes of tropical foliage. At a turn we come upon



A DAISY TURNOUT.

a moss covered frame, in which hang floral bells made of red and white roses with crosses of blue, representing the bells of an old mission church. Here is a collection of rare plants, there a fernery and yucca orange and lemon trees in full fruit. A scene that evokes more than passing admiration is a miniature representation of the Monticello valley, not as it is today with its pretty villages and fruit farms and meadow with railroads, but as it was 100 years ago.

Far up on the mountain side are the live oaks and shrubbery covering the hills and rocks where nestle a little adobe hut. Down the shady valley a Mexican vaquero creeps along, laden with provisions for a camp on the mountain side. There is the old mission, adobe walled, tiled floored and with the emblematic cross upon its tower. One of the old Franciscan monks sits outside, and not far away is a native playing with a wooden plow pulled by the patient oxen. Farther down the valley is the far famed mammoth cactus, beneath which a Mexican is taking his noonday siesta and thrumming a guitar. Still farther is an adobe hut, before which sits an Indian woman, with her black serape thrown over her head. Against the sunburned walls strings of red peppers and bunches of everything just as it was a century ago. The Moorish pavilion under the great dome is made of 6,000 callas.

But the crowning feature of the festival is the procession. Along the sides of the street, upon high platforms and on palm speckled lawns, the people begin to congregate early in the day to be ready for the expected pageant. It is finally heralded by a squad of mounted men, the grand marshal and his aids upon flower bedecked horses. Then come the procession of floats, carts and bicycles, covered with gorgeous and beautiful designs expressing some pretty idea.

**Some Beautiful Floats.**

The float of the Floral Festival association, which leads the procession, is illustrative of the four seasons. On a sea of green leaves float four pink conchshells, each containing a maiden in costume representing one of the seasons. One in a green costume represents spring, another in a robe of pink roses summer, a third in a robe of painted leaves autumn, and winter is personified by a robe of white roses. A silken canopy is suspended above them, held by golden spears, around which are curling vines. Following this is a boat float. In a sea of marguerites a boat is led by two proud swans, while the occupants ply the marguerite covered oars. The sides and floor of this float are covered with cypress and evergreen, forming a background for the floral designs.

A massive coach, hidden by thousands of Dutch roses and wisteria and filled with merry men and maidens in colonial costumes, glides by.

Floats, a mass of waving pampas plumes and yellow mustard blooms or covered with pepper branches and roses; carts decked with hundreds of the warm calla blossoms and scores of other floral wonders

follow in entrancing procession. There were 60,000 marguerite blossoms on the Yosemite coast.

A group of Spanish peasants singing the songs of sunny Spain to the music of a guitar pass in a wagon drawn by four white mules. This is decorated with the purple brodia blossoms.

A cart draped with gray Spanish moss has over 2,000 roses in star, carnations, etc. Nasturtiums, geraniums, dusty miller, bamboo, ferns, carnations, sprays of peach and cherry blossoms, marigolds, verbenas and date palm blossoms and numerous others make a pageant beautiful and artistically interesting.

**The Battle Scene.** As the procession comes abreast of the immense tribunes, the raised platforms are called, where 5,000 people wait, a sharp, quick single call sounds, and the signal for the battle has been given. Then we know that the huge baskets of flowers were for that we had seen being brought in from the gardens of the suburbs in the morning.

First a few scattering shots were fired—a hail of flowers tossed to the winds. Then they grow more frequent, the interest quickens to ardor, and the air grows dark with flying flowers that are rained upon the tribunes and spiritedly returned upon the procession as it passes slowly along, and the battle only when the ammunition becomes exhausted and the participants yield to fatigue, regretting that no more flowers were at hand. G. P. SMITH.

**Women Gamblers—Ellen Terry's Magnetism.**  
[Special Correspondence.] NEW YORK, March 26.—Do you suppose that women have no taste for gambling? If so, you are quite wrong. Indeed it is really astounding the way the fever is growing. Girls hardly out of school play poker, the winnings to be used as matinee money. Their mothers meet at luncheon and finish the afternoon with a small game. Betting in a quiet way is not at all bad form, according to fashionable ethics, and many a cardbox, box of candies, purse or bunch of flowers is the result of betting between girls. Going lower down in the scale, it is a common occurrence for pool-rooms to be raided that are patronized by female gamblers alone, and only recently a police dog was discovered whose patrons were entirely women.

Do you suppose that the dictionary is unprofitable reading, or even dull? I know a woman who swears by the dictionary and considers the half hour she spends with the yellow letters as the most interesting of the whole day. This woman, by the way, is noted for her brilliant conversational powers. The secret of it is this: Before retiring, for this is the best time to commit anything to memory, she learns three new words and for days afterward introduces these into her remarks whenever it is possible. By the end of the week she has 21 new words to play upon, and the brilliant result may be imagined.

Do you suppose that the magnetic eye is a bit of fiction, properly belonging only to novels? Then you should just once stand face to face with Ellen Terry. I had that good fortune but a few nights ago and understood for the first time how strong personal magnetism can be, and how utterly it defies description. Ellen Terry can never grow old. She may be a grandmother, she may in time have to seek the armchair and the quiet corner, but she possesses that which the merely handsome woman must lose with old age. She stood under a big chandelier, a cluster of loose violets in her pale blond hair, her superb throat rising from a cloud of black chiffon, and it was impossible not to watch her every movement. Her eyes were yellow and reminding one of a tiger's. They drop a little at the outer corners, and this gives them a pathetic expression, which mingles in the most bewildering manner with their restless, flashing brilliancy, their wonderful play of emotion.

Do you suppose that it is impossible for a bachelor to make his little home nest attractive? Do you fancy, you dear, conceited young woman, that while he may retain the independence and self-reliance which he knows what genuine coyness and beauty in a home mean unless your deft finger transform cheerless rooms into a place of beauty? Then goodbye to the agreeable and self-satisfying fiction! He can do without you. Three or four ladies of my acquaintance have rooms that one must exclaim over. They are pretty enough, to give taste in and so invite the criticism of the carping critic in the 18th century. But, more wonderful still, these bachelors painted their floors with red and yellow, chose the furniture, hung the curtains, tacked, hammered, even sewed—and quite alone.

Do you suppose it is easy in these days for a pretty girl with talent to get on the stage? I went through the routine of the other day, and the result was discouraging and chilling. At the door of almost every manager's office appeared these words: "Applications for engagements can only be considered, this is positive." Still, undaunted, they went up, passing under the coming down, every face bearing silent proof of failure.

Do you suppose that the weather has nothing to do with our view of life? I was talking to a doctor the other day, and from statistics he showed me that more people commit suicide in winter than in summer, more on wet days than on fine ones. One man was recently arrested for beating his wife. The woman explained to the judge that she would make a charge, as she had not known it was raining when he beat her, and that was a failing of his on damp days.

Do you suppose that without clothes are they ugly? If so, go over a wardrobe of stained and faded gowns, woefully out of date and almost ridiculous. At first you will be disposed to laugh at them and to wonder how you ever could have permitted yourself to look such a guy, but little by little your eyes will come stealing back of good times past. You will begin to see that fashion cannot be arbitrary and is in no way infallible. You will be forced to admit that you had just as much admiration in the old pulled skirt and queer little hat that look like a century ago, and just as much happiness as in the dearest, daintiest gown you possess to-day. You will be forced to see that the day will surely come when this same gown, with its faded flowers, its faded sleeves, will be only fit for laughter. So you see, after all, that clothes are very much like people. They have their day, their adulation, they pass, they are forgotten, they grow old, and to the thoughtless it seems a matter for wonder that they ever were new, fresh and pretty. Yes, the inspection of old clothes should teach us a very generous philosophy. KATE JORDAN.

**Professor Eliot's Charlotte Rose.** Half a pint of double cream—that is, cream which has stood 24 hours—one teaspoonful sugar, whip together, and when stiff add the beaten whites of two eggs, and mix well. One day and a half lady fingers will be required to line a dish or mold for this quantity. Set aside in a cool place before serving. A dessert sufficient for five.

**Had No Trouble.** Mr. Wilson—I understand that women traveling alone often have some difficulty in obtaining accommodations at first class hotels. Did you have any trouble in the city?

Mrs. Wilson—Not a bit.

"How did you manage?"

"I wrote on the register, 'Mrs. Wilson and husband.'"

"New York Weekly."

**Children Cry for**

**Pitcher's Castoria.**

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**HUNTING WITH THE CHETAH.**  
A Cruel but Exciting Sport Indulged in by the Hindus.

The chetah, commonly known as the hunting leopard, is taken, bound and in a wagon, to the scene of the sport. When his prey is sighted and the wagon has been brought sufficiently near, the animal is loosed from his bonds.

In a few minutes, that to our anxious minds seemed interminable, we managed to diminish the distance to the exquisite point, and again the straps were liberated. The hood was then slipped from the chetah's head. He saw the animals at once; his body quivered all over with excitement, and tail straightened, and the hackles on his shoulder stood erect, while his eyes gleamed, and he strained at the cord, which was held short. In a second it was unfastened, there was a yell, a streak in the air, and the chetah was crouching low some yards away. In this position, and taking advantage of a certain unevenness of the ground which gave him cover, he stealthily crept forward toward a buck that was feeding some distance away from the others. Suddenly this antelope saw or scented his enemy, for he was off like the wind. He was not, however, too late; the chetah had been too quick for him. All there was to be seen was a flash, as the supreme rush was made. This movement of the chetah is said to be, for the time it lasts, the quickest thing in the animal world, far surpassing the speed of a race horse. Certainly it surprised all of us, who were intently watching the course of the scene being enacted in our view. The prey was so marvellously quick that the chetah actually sprang past the buck, although by this time the terrified animal was fairly stretched out at full speed. This overshooting the mark by the chetah had the effect of driving the antelope, which swerved off immediately from his line, into running round in a circle, with the chetah on the outside.

The tongues were galloped up, and the excitement of the occupants can hardly be described. In my eagerness to see the finish, I jumped off and took to running, but the hunt was soon over, for before I could get quite up, the chetah got close to the buck, and with a spring at his haunches, brought him to the ground. The leopard then suddenly released his hold, and sprang at his victim's throat, throwing his prey over on his back, where it was held by the chetah's claws. The chetah was then crouching low, sucking the blood from the jugular vein, while tenaciously clinging with his mouth to the antelope's throat. The buck gave only a few spasmodic jerks and appeared to be dead, although probably not so in reality, but only paralyzed by fear. One of the men stopped down and plunged a knife into the buck's neck close to the spot where the chetah still held fast. This coup de grace not only terminated the poor thing's existence, but caused the blood to flow freely, which one of the men proceeded to catch in a large wooden bowl with a long handle, that he had brought for the purpose. When this was full, the hood was thrust over the chetah's eyes, his fetters were replaced, and he was ultimately induced to let go his hold of the antelope by the bowl of steaming hot blood being slipped under his nose. Into this dainty reward for his trouble he at once plunged his head, and with ferocious eagerness lapped up the whole of it—Century.

**Then She Will Miss Him.** A sympathetic crowd came up Broadway the other afternoon. A big patrolman of the Broadway squad was in the front and center. By his right hand he held a little chap about two years old. The arrest was ragged and healthy and dirty—very dirty. He was of the round-cheeked, chubby order, and carried in his other hand a battered little tin-pail which had once been painted red. In the pail, carefully guarded by a dirty finger, was a common fire shovel, which is ordinarily used about a range. The child glanced now and then at the interested Broadway passers with the calmness of a philosopher who is bent on making the best of an unhappy situation. He trudged along by the side of the big policeman as though he were going to dinner instead of to the Thirty-second street-station-house.

"Poor little fellow!" exclaimed a lady as he went by.

"Oh, his mother will find him," spoke up another naively. "You see, she'll miss her shovel when she goes to get dinner, and that will lead her to hunt for him!"—N. Y. Herald.

**Why He Fell Short.** "You are charged," said the justice, "with robbing this one day."

"I know it, your honor," replied the culprit meekly, "but he was the best I could do. I can't rotate fast as I need."

"Can't of the rheumatism?"—Atlanta Constitution.

**The Hermit Man.** Young Woman—Now, Mr. Fewerds, don't you think my picture deserves a hanging?

Young Man—I think electrocution is preferable.—Judge.

—San Francisco is the most cosmopolitan city in the world. The holidays of every nation are commemorated by public parades. Every civilized language may be heard, and the ships of every maritime nation, from the British man-of-war to the Maltese felucca and the Chinese junk, are seen in the bay.

—Is the play that is on now drawing good houses?—She—Mercy, no! I heard hundreds swearing when they came out.—Inter-Ocean.

—The decrease in the price of food during the last thirty years has not resulted in an increase in the proportion of marriages.

—Wages in all departments of labor have steadily increased since the beginning of this century.

—Savannah is the forest city of the south, for its innumerable shade trees.

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